

# SUNDAY GLOBE.

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## THE MYSTERY

Being a Pretended Paralytic on K Near Seventeenth.

### THE NEIGHBORS WILD

With Speculation as to Who He Is and Where His Wealth Comes From—A Remarkable Furniture Transaction in Which Madam Ruby Dale Figures—Theories as to His Criminal Career, Fugitive From Justice, Etc., Etc.

There is a mysterious individual exciting considerable comment among those acquainted with the facts who rents the parlor in a furnished house on K near Seventeenth street. This individual has a valet—in fact he has had three of them—to wait upon him. The valet's duties are to wheel him about in his chair, as he claims to be paralyzed in the lower extremities. The suspicious part of the narrative told by some of the paralytic's acquaintances is that he has been seen to cross his legs in the privacy of his room when he thought nobody could see his actions. Another insoluble or mysterious part of this man's almost nightly program is that the valet wheels him in his chair to a carriage at 9 p. m., helps him into the vehicle and the paralytic does not return until 2 a. m. Where he spends his time in the interim and whether he leaves the carriage or is being continuously driven around for the five hours between 9 p. m. and 2 a. m. nobody so far has been able to determine. If he leaves the carriage he does so without the assistance of the valet, as that individual never accompanies him in the carriage.

The only information vouchsafed by the "Mystery" himself is of a contradictory character. At one time he represents himself as a penniless drawing a handsome income from the Government. Then, again, he states that he is a gentleman of independent income. Those who have had him under surveillance, however, believe him to be a fugitive from justice in hiding, as he never goes out in the daytime, while others think he is a criminal who prowls around at night, after leaving his carriage some distance from the house.

The past week, however, a clue developed, or rather an incident occurred which has nonplussed the people engaged in a prize-worthy effort to solve the "Mystery," as the paralytic is named. The furniture house of Grogan & Co., sold some ninety dollars worth of household goods to a gentleman who gave the name and address of the "Mystery." The furniture was loaded up in a wagon provided by the "Mystery," the first deposit being paid, as it was purchased on the installment plan. When the firm sought to collect the second installment, the collector was astonished by the lady of the residence at which the furniture was supposed to be delivered, who informed him that no such goods were delivered. Investigation was immediately set on foot by the firm. The negro driver of the wagon in which the "Mystery" carted off the furniture was found. He refused to state where he delivered the goods unless he was paid two dollars.

The sum was given him whereupon he led the agent of the firm to the sporting house of Ruby Dale and there sure enough were the household goods purchased by the "Mystery." Ruby gave up the furniture but stated that she had purchased the articles from a gentleman who had brought them to the house and that she had paid down \$14 and agreed to make a final payment of \$16 more later on.

A reporter for the GLOBE called on the Grogan firm for information. Here another mystery occurred. Mr. Grogan absolutely denied all knowledge of the transaction and gave it as his opinion that it must be some other furniture house. It was ascertained in other quarters, however, that the Mystery had been ordered to leave the residence where he had been occupying the parlor because of the annoyance given the landlady over the furniture deal. And late yesterday our informant discovered that the "Mystery" had moved back to his old quarters. He was equally positive that the house of Grogan sold the furniture but the firm having been made good by the "Mystery" they wanted no further notoriety in the matter and hence their denial of any knowledge of the transaction.

The whole affair summarized amounts to these salient facts: There is such a man as the Mystery. He is not paralyzed but plays the paralytic. He sold the furniture to Ruby Dale and she turned it over to Grogan or some other furniture house.

The "Mystery" himself is back in his old quarters and the gossips are wild with speculative theories as to "who he is?" "How he squared the furniture deal."

If he is a great criminal and rich why did he resort to a petty swindle? What are his sources of income? Where is his last valet as he now has a new one?

And there we leave the subject to avoid a trip to St. Elizabeth's!

Dr. Richardson discharged three female attendants Friday last for talking to a male patient—who will believe it?

The Royal American contingent in London who would not be caught dead at a Presidential inauguration are now wearing crepe instead of knickerbockers and silk hose.

Auditor Castle treated his department to a surprise party the past week—that is, he inaugurated a system of transfers from one division to another which has completely demoralized the whole push.

Read the SUNDAY GLOBE.

## RUPRECHT'S BLAST

Astonishes Inventor Painton and the Globe Scribe.

### ADVOCATING AN EXTENSION

Of the American Wireless Telegraph Patent and Giving His Free Opinion that the Whole Thing Is No Good—Marconi Prince of Fakes and the System of Wireless Telegraphy an Illusion of the Brain—Commercially Impracticable.

While perambulating on the Rialto one evening the past week, the GLOBE scribe ran into inventor Painton and a tall good-looking German with a bulbous nose, while they were discussing their experiences before Congress.

Said Mr. Ruprecht, the German aforesaid, "tomorrow I appear before the Senate committee on wireless telegraphy, and I will blow Marconi clean out of the water. He is nothing but a fake anyhow, and for that matter, I believe this whole wireless telegraph business to be a fake."

Wy, 'ows that Mr. Ruprecht, aint you 'ere asking for an extension of the American wireless telegraph and telephone patent?" said Mr. Painton.

"Oh," answered Ruprecht, "I know it is our only chance to get the patent extended and try to sell out the whole thing and get out of the d— business."

Here the GLOBE scribe put in and asked "Is Dr. Gehring still president of the company, and is he now in Washington?"

"The doctor is still president and was in Washington last week, but he slipped in and out quietly for he doesn't want to arouse the Marconi people who are opposing an extension of the Dolbear patent. As you know I consider the whole thing a fake and I want to get the doctor out of this whole business as he made a mistake in ever getting into it, for I don't believe it will ever amount to a d—, as a commercial utility or as a money maker. You see I have been down in South America for the last five or six years and there are plenty of chances there for a man with little or much capital to make money."

The doctor is thought to be based on real estate and how to manipulate it, but he is so badly stuck in this wireless telegraph business, that he can't pull out at present till we manage somehow to dump it on somebody else. Then if I can get him to come with me to South America or Honduras I can get grants of land to the amount of one hundred thousand, or even five hundred thousand acres, containing coal and other minerals besides being fine agricultural land, and we will colonize it, making a couple of millions in three or four years."

"Well, what will you sell this 'ere wireless telegraph stock for," inquired Inventor Painton.

"Oh, anything, anything," replied Mr. Ruprecht. "I have about \$20,000 worth of stock in it and I will let you have it for twenty-five cents on the dollar. As I told you I don't believe in it. Its too visionary; too much illusion to it for me and it never will amount to anything commercially, and it won't pay me or any other man capable of asking money to fool with it. There is that Marconi fake, after having one set of directors, the biggest in the country, who investigated the matter and gave up in disgust, he has now succeeded in getting another squad of directors with big names, among whom is a Senator, and they in turn, as soon as they discover what they are up against, will retire. Meantime Marconi is making all he can and poses as the greatest fake of the century."

"I will blow him clean out of water tomorrow morning and secure a favorable report on the extension of our patent. We are American citizens and are entitled to it as against this foreigner."

"All the Senators that I have spoken to are in favor of it. When the patent is extended I will try to pull the doctor out of it and take him with me to South America and let others who like such things fool around this \$25,000,000 company that they have recently reorganized under the presidency of Dr. Gehring, and a d— fool thing it is." And Mr. Ruprecht, wiping his bulbous nose, blew a resounding blast as he wheeled about face and bade the astonished inventor Painton and the GLOBE scribe good night.

"Well if I ain't a rum one hi never saw one," said inventor Painton. "Ere 'e is lobbying a think through Congress that 'e says ain't worth a d— and admitting it openly! Well, hi can't understand Hamerican 'either in Congress or hin the lobby," and inventor Painton made a dive for Gers-tenbergs and took a glass of 'alf and 'alf with a Welsh rare bit as a night cap to induce the peaceful slumbers that presumably followed.

### PUBLIC PRINTER PALMER

To Be Succeeded by H. O. Shepard, President Inland Printer Co.

Within the next thirty days, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, Public Printer Palmer is to be relieved from office and his successor is announced to be H. O. Shepard, of Chicago, the president of The Inland Printer Company.

Mr. Shepard has the backing of the International Typographical Union, and President Roosevelt has decided to appoint him in conformity with their request. If Mr. Shepard leaves the office at the expiration of his term with the reputation for honesty and efficiency made by Mr. Palmer, he will have richly deserved the high position.

Mr. Palmer will have the well wishes of every employee in the printing office on his retirement.

## ST. ELIZABETH'S

Another Scandal of an Atrocious Character Come to Light

### PERSECUTION AND RUIN

Of a Young Married Woman Whose Husband is a Soldier in the Philippines by an Official of the Institution—The Facts Laid Before President Roosevelt, Who Has Taken the Case Under Consideration.

"I have come here in behalf of a persecuted woman whose husband is a soldier in the Philippines," said a lady from Anacostia in the GLOBE office the past week.

"State the nature of the persecution, Madam, and the GLOBE will do what it can to rectify the wrong."

"The case is like this," resumed the lady, "a young married woman, whose husband, carried away by a companion in his desire for travel, enlisted soon after their marriage and left her without visible means of support, except such shelter as an aunt could give her, who is herself poor and struggling. Through the influence of a gentleman in the District building she secured a position at St. Elizabeth's hospital for the insane, and in this position she gave excellent satisfaction till she attracted the attention of a certain influential male employee, who, taking advantage of his position, commenced a series of petty persecutions which culminated in a pretended offer of reconciliation on his part."

"The young girl being unsophisticated believed in the sincerity of his expressions and consented to meet him in the city at her aunt's to talk it all over."

"Well, what happened next?" "They met at her aunt's house and after some conversation he invited her to take a walk. In the course of the walk the subject was gone over and he promised to be her friend and to advance her in her position. Finally he invited her to take refreshments which she did not at all desire, but feared to refuse, and she accompanied him to an up town hotel, where, securing a private room, he succeeded after great persuasion and blandishments in inducing her to drink till she was intoxicated. He then made an indecent proposal and attempted to force it, which she resisted determinedly, although under the influence of liquor."

"Finally desisting, he pretended to be sorry for his act and agreed to take her to her aunt's house in a cab. Instead, however, after driving for some time he took her to an assignment house, where he succeeded in accomplishing her ruin, she being so stupefied from the liquor and probably from the administration of a drug that she was powerless to resist or take care of herself. Resuming her place at the hospital she began to realize her fearful position and the fearful scene she had been through, and he, taking advantage of her fear of exposure, forced her to subsequent meetings. Finally she appealed for protection and made a clean breast of the case to one of the higher officials of the institution."

"Was this official Dr. Richardson, madam?"

"Well, that I am not prepared to state, for certain reasons, but the official in question advised her to resume her duties as exposure would result in her ruin or discharge, and that he would prevent any further persecution of her, warning her at the same time not to mention under any circumstances that she had reported the case to him."

"Did the persecution cease?"

"For a little while, yes, but then as usual the most unexpected happened. About eight weeks after reporting the matter to the official in question, she was notified that her services were no longer required at the hospital and she was discharged."

"What action did she take after her discharge, if any?"

"On the advice of a friend she wrote to President Roosevelt asking an interview and she received a reply from Mr. Cortelyou saying that as the President was very much occupied with important matters, he could not grant her the interview she had asked for, but that if she would communicate with him by letter fully explaining the state of the case, he would give it attention."

"Did she write to the President again, the GLOBE asked."

"Yes sir, she wrote out a full history of the case, just as I have related it to you, giving the name not only of her persecutor, but that of the official in whom she had confided, as before explained, and the fact that her husband was a brave soldier fighting in the Philippines and that she herself was entirely without means of support and living on the charity of a poor relative and such little work as she could get herself."

"Well what was the result of her communication to the President?"

"So far there has been nothing done. After waiting weeks for a reply no acknowledgment of her letter was received, and she again wrote to the President or to his private secretary, making inquiries as to whether the communication had been received and what action if any had been taken."

"Did she get an answer to this communication?"

"Yes, but it merely stated that it had been received and had been considered by the President, and there the matter rests."

"I will wait a reasonable time for the President's action, and if none is taken I will advise this poor woman and aid her to take the matter into court and have even-handed justice dealt out to this heartless brute."

The lady who related the foregoing is a woman of considerable wealth and of social standing. She is well known for her works of charity and has taken up this case with a determination to see it through to the end.

## A SCISSORS ARTIST

Receiving \$2,400 Per Annum From Uncle Sam.

### COL. ISAAC EDWARDS CLARK

The Clipper, Compiler and Paster of Cuttings on Art and Industry—Four Volumes in Twenty Years—The Herculean Labors of His Gigantic Intellect Equaled Only by an American Sculptor in Mexico.

Colonel Isaac Edwards Clark, a distinguished looking old gentleman of about sixty-five years of age, holds the record for Government snaps.

Years and years ago, or, to be more definite, we will say about twenty years ago, through the influence of that great reformer, the Honorable Whitelaw Reid, special envoy in waiting to do the dunkey act for King Edward on his recovery, Congress passed a special act creating an office in the Bureau of Education at the corner of Eighth and G streets, entitled Art and Industry. To the position of superintendent and generalissimo of this art and industry office Colonel Clark was appointed at a salary of \$2,400 per annum.

The duties of the position not being well defined, Colonel Clark mapped out his own program and has been following it from the time of his appointment to the present day. The colonel is a scholar and exceedingly erudite in all matters pertaining to art and industry which he finds in the magazines, newspapers, books and scientific journals of the country. It is estimated that he has worn more than a dozen pairs of imported scissors clipping these extracts to paste them in scrap books.

The Colonel's modus operandi being, when he lights upon a paragraph on art or industry, to seize the aforesaid paragraph and deftly extract it with a scissors. He then transfers it to his scrap book and makes suitable comment underneath with his faber. Having filled a large scrap book with these clippings and his own comments and the necessary connections, the Colonel sends the book to the Government Printing Office as an original production, and eventually places it in the library of the Bureau of Education and any other libraries that he can get it in.

Four such books has been published in the years that the Colonel has held his \$2,400 per annum position, but he has the material on hand in the newspaper, magazine, and other cuttings for equally interesting and original companion volumes. The Colonel is slow and methodical in his labors because these labors are of a semi-scientific character requiring the exercise of a superlative intellect in determining what paragraph, among the many daily appearing on art and industry, shall be selected by his scissors.

The Colonel's intellectual labors have only one counterpart on the American continent in the precise, deliberate and methodical labors of an American citizen who has been under sentence of death in Mexico for over ten years. This American citizen is a sculptor by profession and was engaged at the time of his trouble in sculpturing the figures and designs on the magnificent cathedral being erected in that country. In a brawl or misunderstanding with a fellow workman, he committed a homicide for which he was tried by the Mexican courts and sentenced to death. But it was discovered after sentence and fortunately before execution that he alone could execute the sculptured figures designed by the architect and which he had been at work upon when he fell a victim of the laws.

This discovery saved his life, a stay of execution being granted for the time being, till he should complete his task. This occurred some ten years ago as stated, and the task is not yet completed.

This American citizen is the most deliberate, painstaking, and methodical workman now living, for as might naturally be inferred, he is in no hurry to complete the task the reward of which is to be his execution and extinction by the garoté.

Now while no such tragic fate awaits the completion of Colonel Clark's intellectual efforts, yet the stupendous undertaking of his task as a compiler of printed paragraphs on art and industry, in all languages and in all sorts of magazines and current literature, readily accounts for the time consumed in producing the volumes mentioned, and also foreshadows an end as far distant to the labors of his gigantic intellect as the completion of the sculptured figures on the Mexican cathedral by the American citizen, referred to, who works in the shadow of the scaffold.

To the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, therefore, the tax-payers of the entire country owe a debt of gratitude for not only the creation of this office, but the discovery of the right man to adorn the position at a salary of \$2,400 per annum, in the person of Colonel Isaac Edwards Clark.

Colonel Clark arrives at the Bureau of Education armed with his daily papers, and having seated himself in his comfortable office chair proceeds to peruse their columns till the lunch hour. He then rises in the slow and dignified manner habitual to him and proceeds to attend to the wants of the inner man, which consumes and fills up the time till three or three thirty p. m., when he returns armed with a copy of the Star, the columns of which the colonel scans for items on art and industry and incidentally the current news on the coronation of imperial Edward or the latest phases of the revolutions in South America.

Thus having completed his day's labor he retires with the same dignified and measured tread characteristic of all his movements at 4:30 or 5 p. m. and is not again seen at the Bureau of Education till some hour of the next succeeding day, when he goes through the same routine, varied now and again by the clipping of one or more cuttings and the transfer of the same to his scrap books.

## THE SHYLOCKS

In Departments Hunting Their Holes—Trouble at Hand.

### SECRETARY MOODY'S ORDER

To Discover the High Officials in the Navy Yard, Who Are Charging Five Hundred Per Cent for Loans and Discharge Them From the Service—A Terrible Shaking Up of the Dry Bones.

Readers of the GLOBE will readily recall the articles published from time to time on the ten per centers in the departments under the McKinley administration. We gave the names in some instances and the departments in which these shylocks were plying their trade of brokerage. The shylocks escaped, however, as it was the then policy that everything done by a government official, clerk, or employee was right *per se*. A change has come over the spirit of their dream since the induction into office of some new members of the Cabinet and a President who looks sharply after the delinquents whether they be high officials or low-grade clerks. The change in the head of the Navy Department has been specially beneficial and it goes without saying that any change from Gage and Vanderbilt could not help but be advantageous to the public service.

The management of the Navy Yard has excited criticism in these columns among its citizen employees, particularly the case of treachery, whereby a woman was beaten out of a contract her late husband and herself subsequently had filled to the satisfaction of the authorities. The yard has been a hot bed of all kinds of skulduggery and favoritism has been rampant, the merit system being regarded with contempt. Some of the favored employees could do almost anything they pleased and violate the rules with impunity, while those outside the ring had to keep a sharp look out to preserve even their jobs.

The secret has finally leaked out which solves the conditions prevailing and which were notoriously unfair to the great body of the employees. The higher officials have been fattening their salaries by Shylock methods which discounts Horning and his fellow ten per centers several hundred per cent. In other words they have a regular loan exchange for the improvident employees who as much to curry favor as to secure loans which they very often did not need, have been paying these bosses as high as five hundred per cent per annum!

Secretary Moody has many hints, while in Congress, of the conditions prevailing in the departments, where the shylocks had the "pull," and secured the promotions and favors lying around loose because of the rake-off they were enabled to pay to the higher officials who permitted this kind of thing. Lunch rooms within and without the departments were also established by the shylocks, and the clerks were marked men who failed to patronize them. Between loaning money and feeding these improvident clerks the shylocks and the caterers have managed between them to secure the largest slice of their underlings' semi-monthly pay. Secretary Moody, as stated, has been reading the exposes in the GLOBE while a member of the House and on assuming the duties of head of the Navy Department he determined to break up the nefarious practices. A little quiet investigation convinced him that the navy yard was honeycombed with rottenness and that the shylocks had their victims by the SHAM-BLOSS!

In other words, that the men dare not complain of the robbery to which they were subjected for fear of losing their jobs. The Secretary, therefore, the past week ordered a thorough investigation into the methods and practices of the shylocks and the Commandant of the navy yard is instructed to at once convene a board of inquiry with instructions to discharge from the public service every official found guilty of loaning money at usurious interest to employees.

Now, if the other departments will follow the lead of Secretary Moody there will be vacancies enough to skeletonize the civil service commissioners lists of eligibles.

### OBSCENE LETTERS

Sent Through the Mail By a War Department Clerk to Miss Conway, of Ohio.

One of the clerks for the auditor of the War Department has gotten himself into the meshes of the law. His name is Samuel H. Bassett and his age fifty-five years. Notwithstanding his age and his gray hair and bald head Bassett's libidinous nature manifested itself in the grossest and most unprintable filthy missive to a young lady named Miss Conway credited to Perry county, Ohio. At least Miss Conway swears that Bassett is the author of the obscene letter she received, and Miss Conway comes pretty near guessing, for reasons not yet made public, that Bassett and Bassett alone could have written the letter. In other words she has the corroborative proofs that he is the author of the filthy missive although he took the precaution to omit his signature. Bassett was arrested Thursday afternoon last upon the charge of sending obscene letters through the mail on Miss Conway's complaint. Miss Conway surrendered the letter to the local authorities as evidence.

The prisoner was taken to the office of the United States district attorney, and the letter was shown him there. He denied the authorship of the letter, which was unsigned. His bond was fixed at \$1,000 and he was released upon furnishing it. He will appear before a United States commissioner for preliminary hearing.

## THE TWO P'S

Which Stand for Parks and Putnam of the Treasury.

### FIGHT IN A RESTAURANT

In Which a Civil War Veteran Knocks Out His Man and Wipes the Floor With His Corpus—The Clerks Were Full of Juice and Fight but They Were Landed in the Gutter.

Colonel Dean of the Staley restaurant on E near Thirteenth street has a good right hand. It is, however, at present laid up for repairs and reduction, it being at this writing something larger than a Kentucky ham! The Colonel is a veteran of the civil war, past the three-score mark of course, having served as an officer all through the fracas.

The fracas, however, he had one night the past week with two Treasury Department clerks nets him little glory and no pension, for the colonel could ordinarily, and when he is feeling well put to sleep a round dozen of such whipper snappers. The trouble originated because John Barlevcorn had gotten the better of the two clerks aforesaid, whose names are Parks and Putnam. These two P's entered the Staley restaurant about 10 p. m. and commenced a rough house by upbraiding Mr. Staley for not having the particular brand of cigar which Chief Parks smoked, although it was "just one year ago today," since Parks purchased a cigar at the restaurant. The two P's then ordered refreshments and while waiting to be served Parks gave Putnam a bill to purchase a box of cigars elsewhere. When Putnam returned with the cigars and gave his chief an accounting, he was accused of holding back a five dollar bill. This Putnam indignantly denied and finally convinced Parks of his error. Then Parks accused the waiter of scooping the missing William. Finally he became so coarse in his language and so boisterous in act, that Mr. Staley called him down, reminding him of the presence of ladies in the restaurant. Parks fired up and reiterated in profane and vulgar language that the waiter had his bill. Mr. Staley firmly informed Parks that he was mistaken and that the waiter was innocent, whereupon Parks retorted,

"You are a G— d— liar."

Biff! biff! went the right and left of the tall and slim Staley and Parks fell against a table. The other P seeing a good opening let fly a knock out blow at Mr. Staley's solar plexus but he was neatly parried by old man Dean the veteran, who swung his right and countered on the jaw of Putnam with such terrific force that the treasury clerk fell between two tables and rolled under each alternately. Meanwhile Mr. Staley had followed up Parks and seizing him by the heels dragged the pugnacious chief out in the gutter and left him there under the downpour of rain.

Returning to the restaurant in the nick of time he saved Putnam from a coroner's visit as Colonel Dean's blood was up and he was pummeling the yelling treasury clerk every time he rose to his feet. The clerk for mercy put up by Putnam excited Mr. Staley's compassion and he finally succeeded in hauling off the three score veteran from the prostrate body of his vanquished foe. Putnam was finally fired to join his companion in the gutter and peace again spread its white wings over the restaurant but, as stated, the colonel's right hand could not punch even a meal ticket after the battle.

### A HEATHEN CHINEE

Beats Two Caucasian Women and One Policeman Before Judge Kimball and a Jury.

Sam Hing is the celestial proprietor of a restaurant at 408 Thirteenth street, N. W. Sam has furnished rooms on the second floor of the restaurant. These he has been accused of renting to disorderly persons. Or in plain English running a bed house. Sam was arrested for the offense by Officer Catts and the charge placed against him of conducting a bawdy house. The heathen demanded trial by jury same as Melican man. He got it of course and the officer humped himself to convict Sam; but Sam knew a trick or two on American justice and the uncertainties of juries. In fact Sam was found not guilty! May Kernack, nineteen years of age, testified that she was a married woman, that her husband was absent in Pittsburg and that during his absence she resorted to Sam's place and remained three days with a man; she gave her residence at 1633 Gales street, N. E., and swore that she slept with a man at Sam's place the night before he was arrested! May Gilmore also testified that she had enjoyed the society of gentlemen on divers and sundry occasions at Sam's bawdy house. Both these females were handsome looking girls not over nineteen years of age and the married one, Mrs. Kernack, was particularly attractive. She was not asked and assigned no reason for her violation of her marriage vows and her unblushing admission of prostitution in the absence of her husband made the hardened old habits of Judge Kimball's court look cheap as depraved degenerates.

But the remarkable part of the procedure lies in the fact that the jury believed the Mongolian bawdy-house keeper and turned down the testimony of the two Caucasian demimondaines and the stalwart officer who was laudably endeavoring to suppress vice and immorality. Judge Kimball looked astonished when the verdict of not guilty was handed in, but he said nothing by way of rebuke to the able-bodied jurors and simply discharged Sam, who left the court with a combination Boxer-American leer on his celestial mug, as he exclaimed "Melican policemen no good; the jury all lightee."